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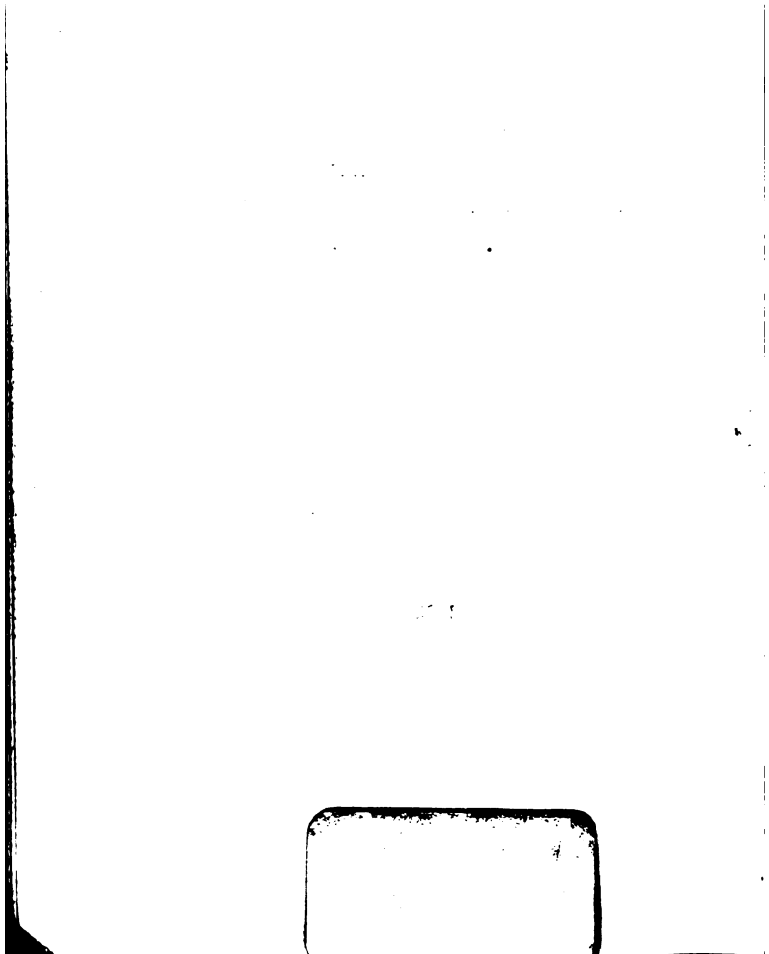
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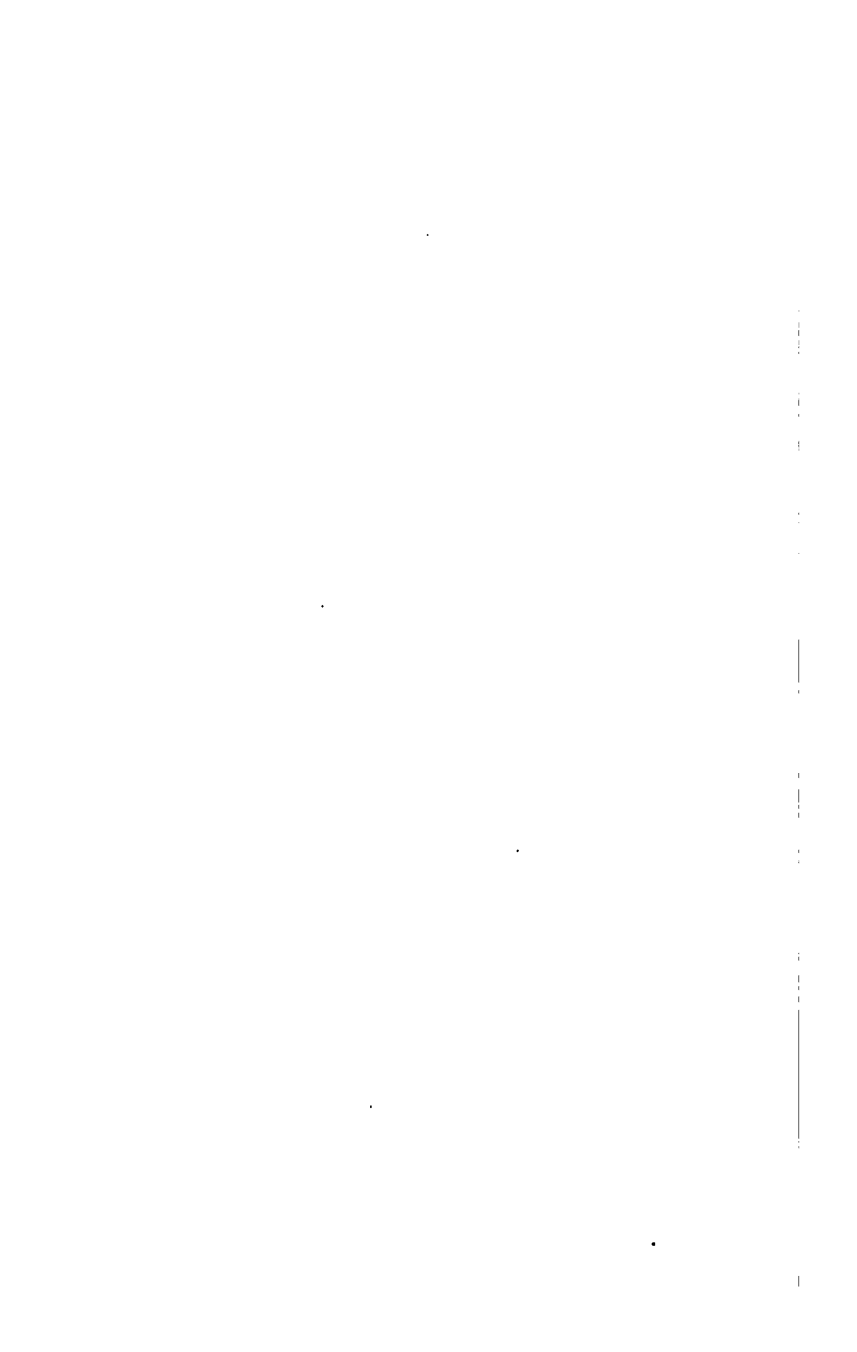
IN MEMORIAM
R. L. STEVENSON





ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY W. BROWN MACDOUGALL







ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
1830 - 1894



THE HOME AND EARLY
HAUNTS OF ROBERT
LOUIS STEVENSON

BY

MARGARET ARMOUR

WITH TWELVE

ILLUSTRATIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE
INCLUDING NEW PORTRAIT

BY

W. BROWN MACDOUGALL



Edinburgh Riverside Press
W. H. WHITE & CO.
1895

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON 6 3 12 -

BORN 1850

DIED 1894



©

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BORN 1850 DIED 1894

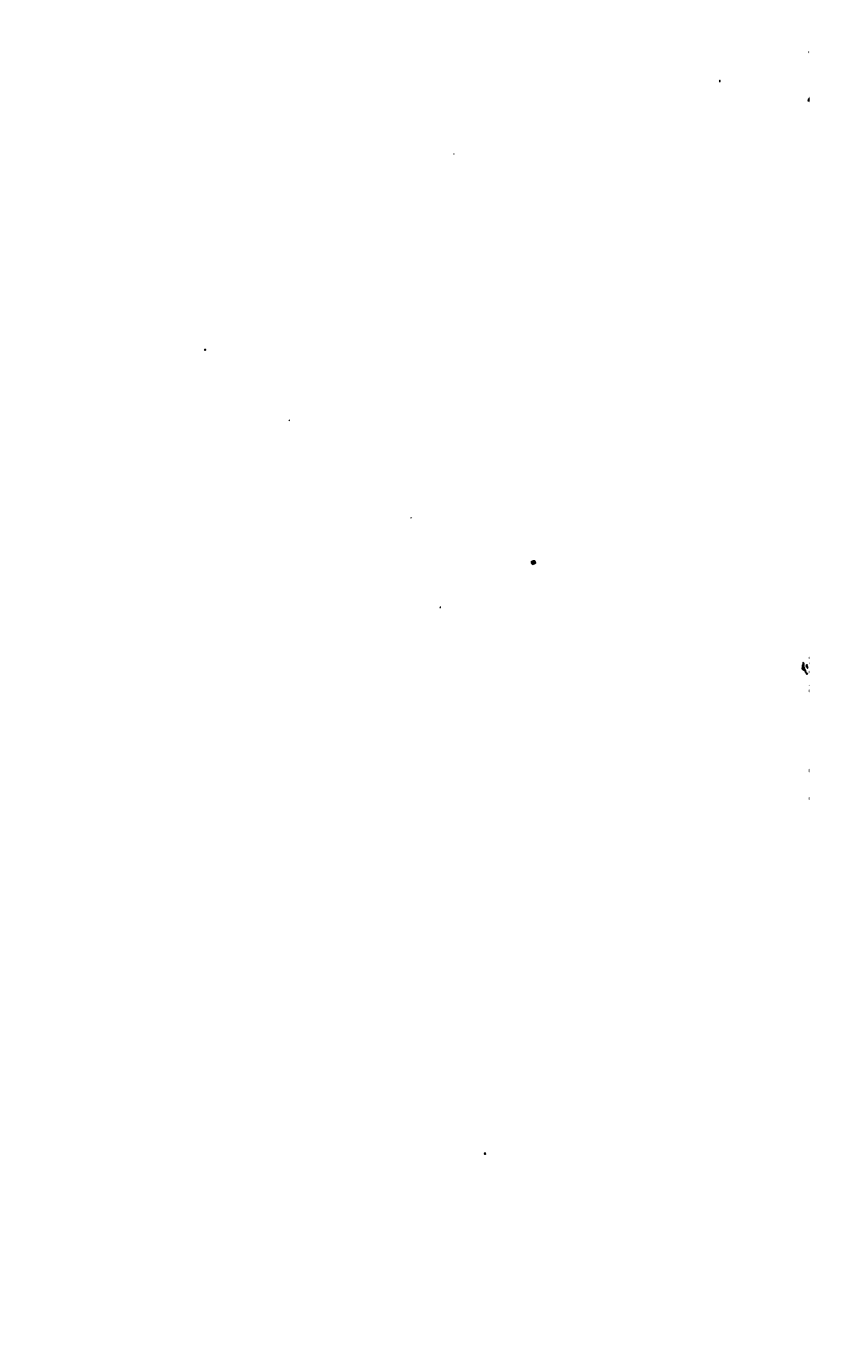


To
C. S. A.
AND
M. B. McD.



IN MEMORIAM
R. L. STEVENSON



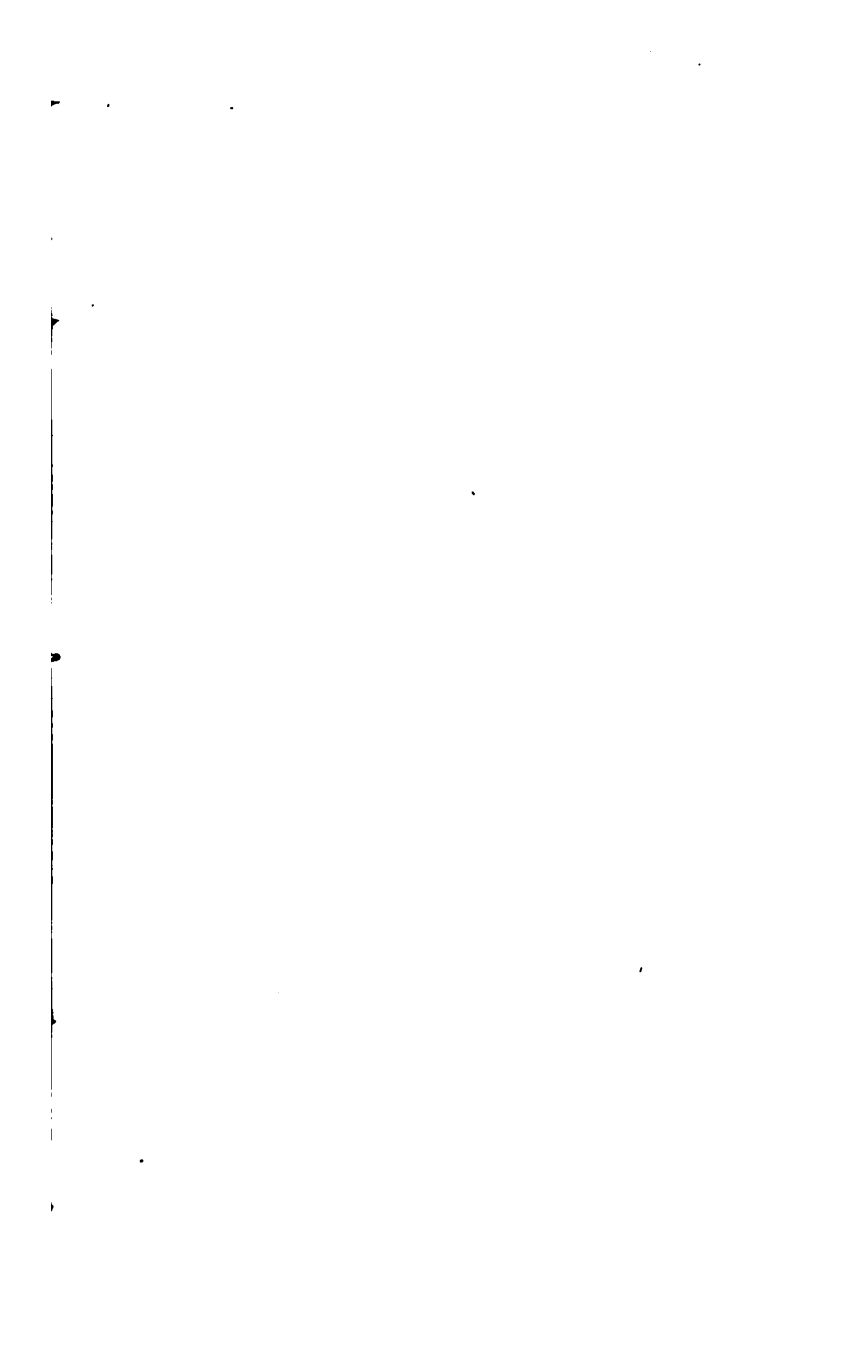


In Memoriam
R. L. STEVENSON

*'The birds come and cry there, and
twitter in the chimney, But I go for
ever and come again no more.'*

MOURN for the dead, departed
 With unreturning feet ;
The bright, the hero-hearted
 No comrade more shall greet ;
Mourn him whom shadows cover,
 Unstricken by the years ;
Mourn, Scotland, for thy lover,
 Not stint his meed of tears.

Waft, O winds ! our wailing
 Beyond the twilight verge ;
In sorrow unavailing
 Chant o'er his grave your dirge !
Alack ! the wand is broken,
 And mute the magic tongue,
Ere half the words were spoken,
 Or half the song was sung.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON 小説家
BORN 1850 DIED 1894



THE HOME AND EARLY
HAUNTS OF ROBERT
LOUIS STEVENSON

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To
C. S. A.
AND
M. B. McD.



IN MEMORIAM
R. L. STEVENSON



THE HOME AND EARLY

goes exploring virgin forests of adventure, fingering the oaten pipe and discoursing wisely by pastures green! Keenly and widely cognisant of life, Stevenson had, moreover, that spiritual vision by which alone the rareeshow of Destiny can be viewed in proper perspective. He was more than a citizen of the world; he had the freedom of the universe. With head, heart, and soul, he has served his generation, and none are so poor, let us hope, as not to "do him reverence."

And from him, as from all the earth's great ones,

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

a wealth accrues indirectly. Everything ever connected with these receives an imaginative enhancement. Those who have lived with them, spoken with them, touched but the hem of their garment; the fields where they have walked; the house that has held them; the spots where they have sojourned—all receive an extrinsic value. The hero's way winds luminous through the comings and goings of lesser men, and he showers abroad the largess of enriched association.

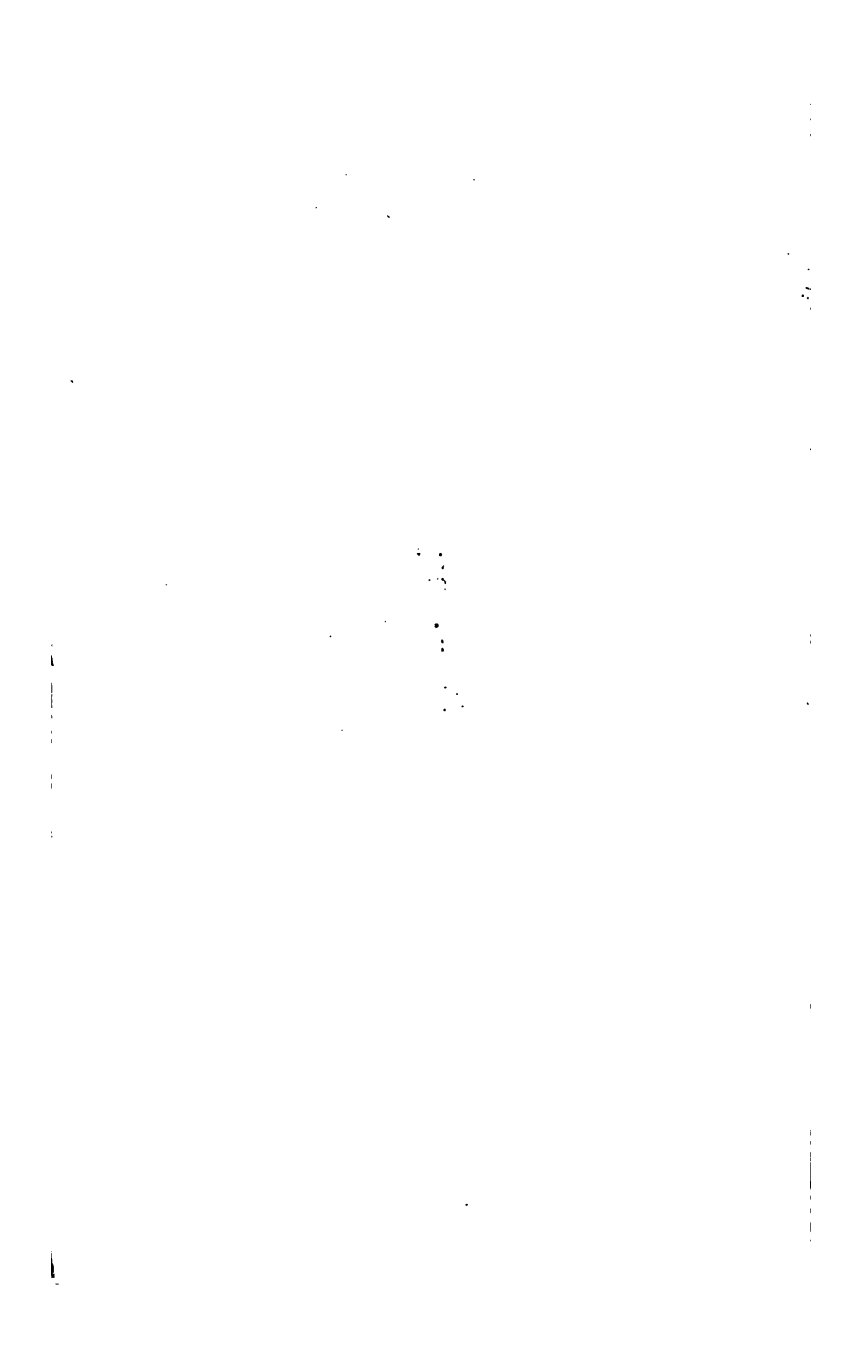
True, there are our Shakespeares whose obliterated

THE HOME AND EARLY
track continues to baffle our
geographers of greatness.
But with Stevenson it is not
so. He, himself, has drawn
the chart of his journeyings;
a complete itinerary may be
compiled from his books;
nay, in his "Memories and
Portraits," he turns back from
the later highways express-
ly to strew with finger-posts
the sequestered scenes of his
youth. These lay, as every-
one knows, in the Lothians
of Scotland. Or if any are
ignorant, it is not Stevenson's
fault, for never were early
haunts dwelt on with such
loving insistence.

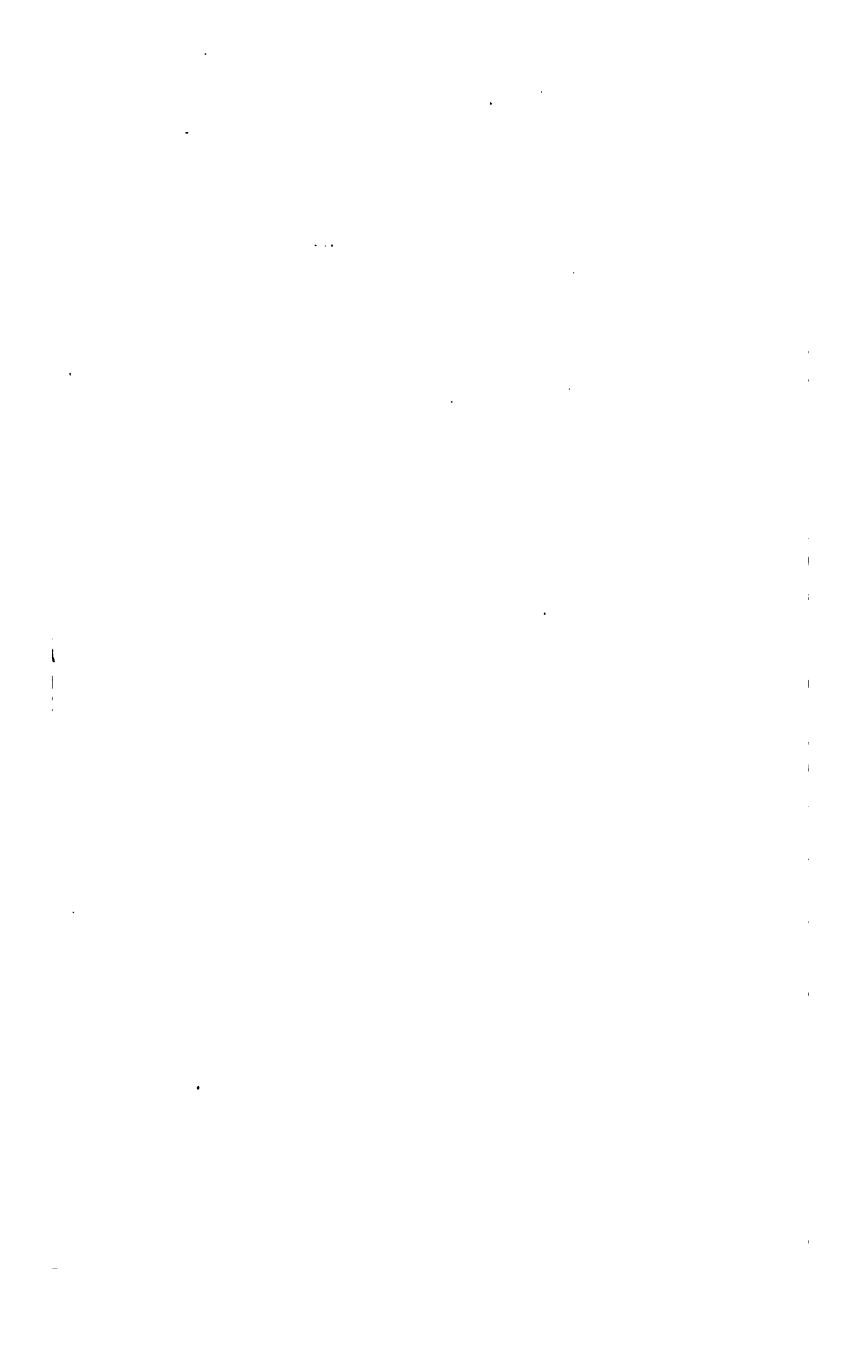
EDINBURGH

CASTLE









HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

Scotland is happy in her sons. They grow to be her lovers, and among them is rarely wanting some poet-voice to praise her. She glows with the reflected light of literature. With Burns, Scott, Stevenson to proclaim her sovereignty, what wonder she sits proudly in her mists, receiving the homage of the nations! Each of these sings her as a whole, but each has some chosen part on which he specially dwells. With Burns it is the banks and braes of Ayrshire; Scott's heart is divided between the Highlands and the Eildons

THE HOME AND EARLY
by Tweed. Edinburgh won
notes from both in passing;
but with Stevenson it is the
burden of the song.

He was born there at
8 Howard Place, in the year
1850. As the only child of
deep - hearted parents, and
surrounded by a sufficiency
of wealth, in spite of a fragile
physique, he may be said to
have started with a firm foot
on life. His roots were
struck into soil of heredity
unusually rich. "It is the
chief recommendation," he
says, "of long pedigrees that
we can follow backward the
careers of our homunculos

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

and be reminded of our anti- natal lives. Our conscious years are but a moment in the history of the elements that build us up." And so he whimsically saddles his homunculus with its share in his grandfather's doings as he "ran races under the green avenue at Pilrig; trudged up Leith Walk, which was still a country place, and sat on the High School benches, and was thrashed, perhaps, by Dr. Adam." He has excusable difficulty in joining himself on to the reverend doctor of his conscious knowledge, the Presbyterian patriarch

THE HOME AND EARLY

who stood "contented on the old ways," with a pulse suitably sobered to his calling.

But between his father and him the coupling irons are obvious. His father's talk, he tells us, "compounded of so much sterling sense and so much freakish humour, and clothed in language so apt, droll and emphatic, was a perpetual delight to all who knew him. . . . His own stories, that every night he put himself to sleep with, dealt perpetually with ships, roadside inns, robbers, old sailors, and commercial travellers before the use of

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

steam." Surely the son is just the father in print; in the parent the material is lying loose, which nature welds into genius for the child.

Little is said explicitly about nursery winters in town, but the "Child's Garden of Verses," in which they are embalmed, breathes an atmosphere of cosy kindness. Alison Cunningham, the heroine of that "bright, fireside, nursery clime" will live forever as the peerless nurse—

" My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life."

Such praise from her boy

THE HOME AND EARLY
must ring sweetly, albeit
sadly, in the ears of the old
woman, still alive in Edin-
burgh, for whom the childish
prattle and the full voice of
manhood have now become
an equal silence.

There is no startling auto-
biography in the "Garden of
Verses"—only evidence of a
finely sensitised mental plate
for the receiving and storing
of impressions; excursions
into that land of phantasy
where there were, one day,
to be such great possessions;
fealty to familiar things;
lavish gratitude; and the
paramount need to love and

**THE BIRTHPLACE OF
STEVENSON**



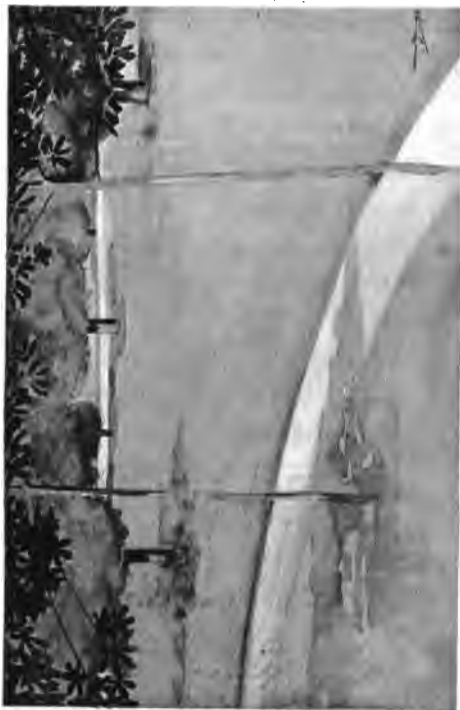
8 HOWARD PLACE



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IN THE GARDEN
HERIOT ROW





HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

worship. Stevenson was never without his hero. "Leerie," the lamplighter, founded the dynasty that had its *grand monarque* in Dumas. When he set himself to it, he could be acutely critical, as his *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* prove; but he was happier in enthusiasm, and, given a king worth throning, he favoured the theory of Divine right.

After his parents removed to Heriot Row, the common garden in front was his playground. It is well kept and bosky, but withal somewhat

THE HOME AND EARLY
serious. The little poet's ingenuity must have been taxed to transfigure it to romantic uses, and fancy have been forced to make its bricks there with rather a scarcity of straw. But with his country haunts it was otherwise.

The chief of these, and the most tenderly recalled, is Colinton Manse, about three miles out of Edinburgh, in a deep green dell. His maternal grandfather, Dr. Balfour, held the charge there for thirty-seven years, during the last eight of which he was favoured by frequent

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

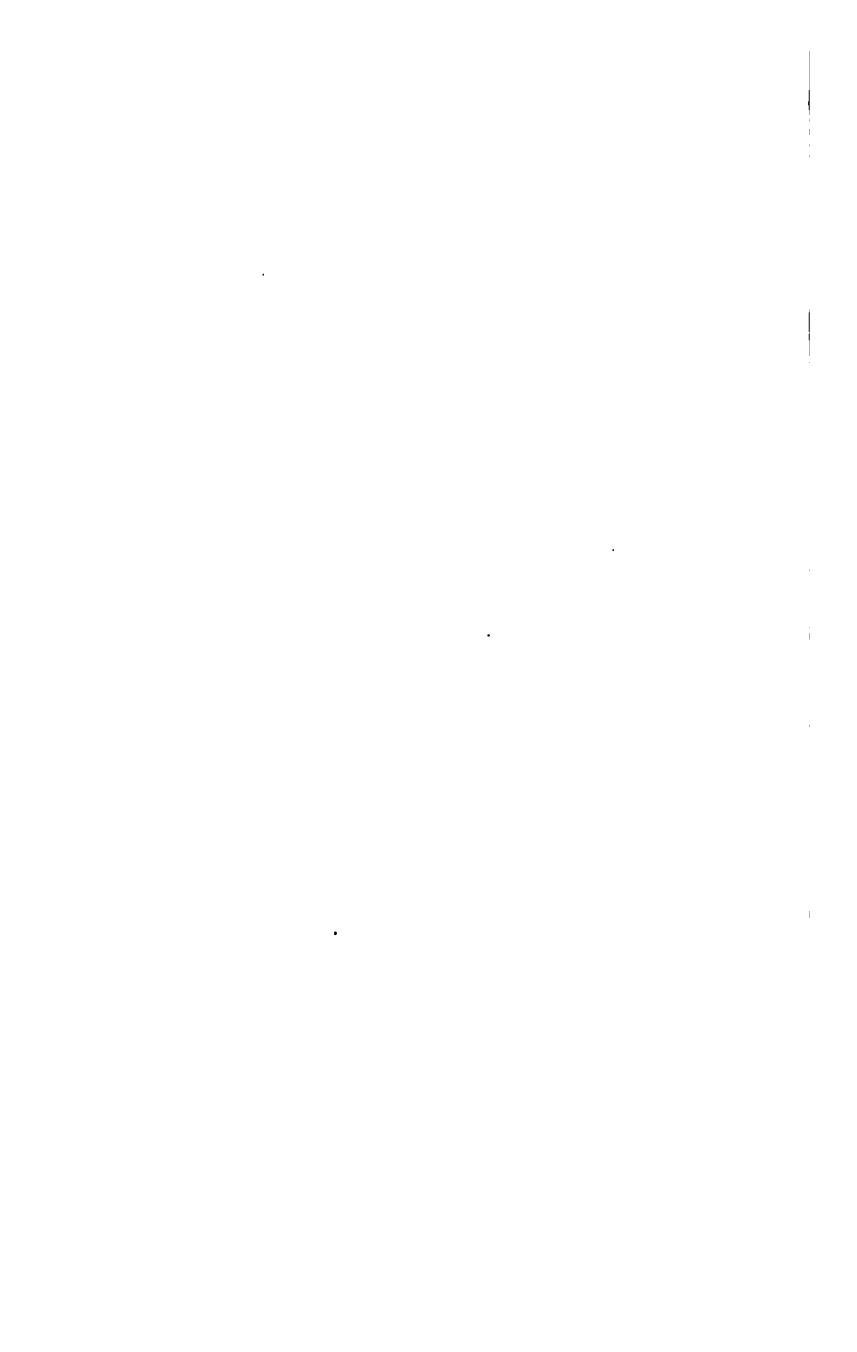
visits from his little grandson.

The high-road, above, seems the usual distance from heaven when you are on it; but by the time you have plunged down the interminable flight of steps by the inn, that lead to the lower village, the upper level seems to neighbour the sky, and, with the high bank opposite, to form a lofty gallery round the secluded theatre where the Colinton folk play their unpretentious parts. A short climb and another plunge land you, past the church

THE HOME AND EARLY
door, in the Manse garden.
The depth is abysmal, but
only the depth. The river
has here an acre or so of flat
margin, on which the roomy
Manse and lawn lie large, as
if miles were at their dis-
posal. On one side towers a
sheer, wooded bank, and, on
the other, the gravestones
rise in solemn terrace. This
is the garden with its water-
door where, behind the weir,
the river "lies deep and dark-
ling, and the sand slopes into
brown obscurity with a glint
of gold," looking as low as
Styx under the enormous
bank opposite. Within a

COLINTON MANSE





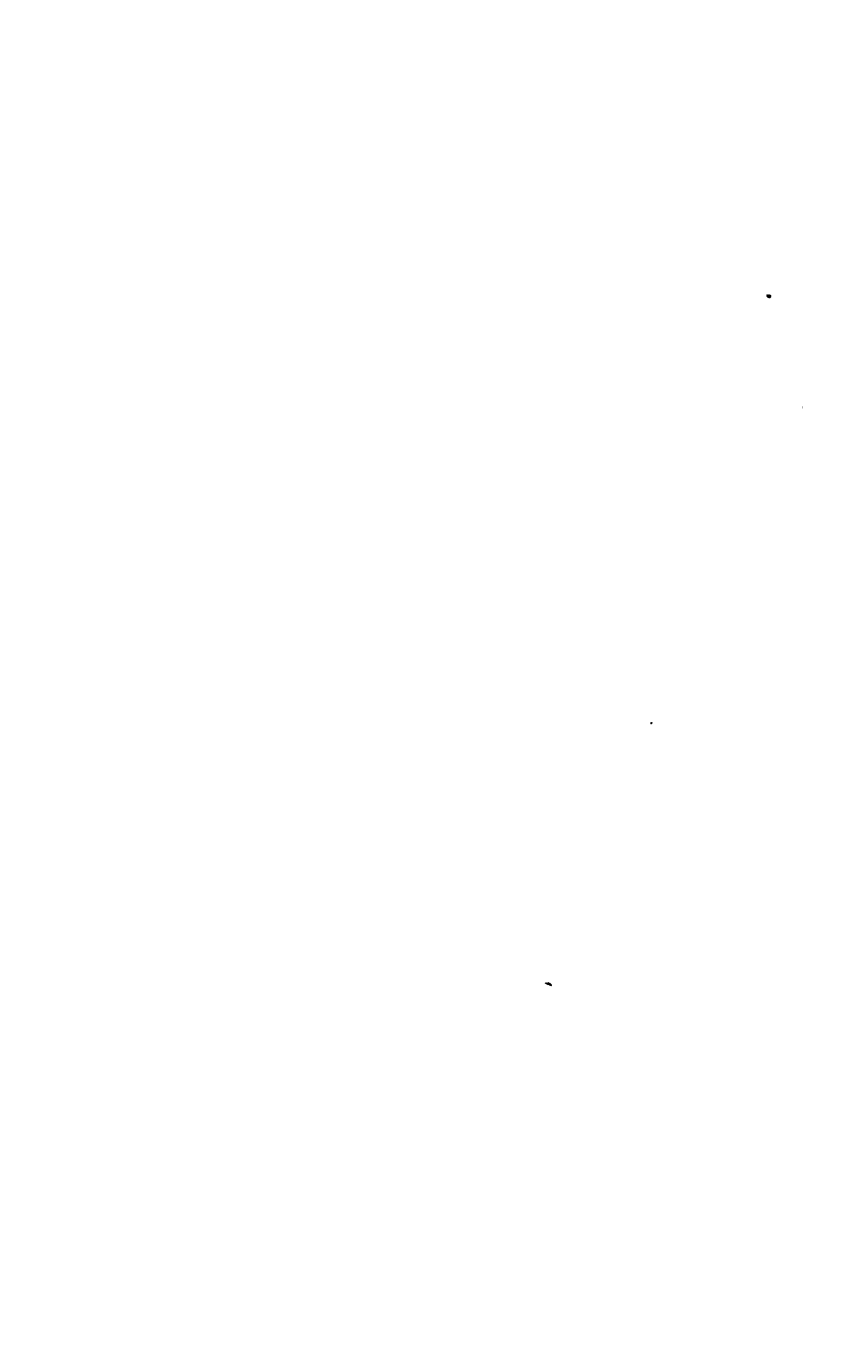


**WHERE THE RIVER
LIES DEEP
AND DARKLING**









HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

stone's throw is the mill, and, stretching up the hill, the miller's garden. Yonder are the plots behind the currant row where, "old and serious, brown and big," the gardener worked, who never seemed to want to play. This is the beloved valley, "brimmed like a cup with sunshine and the song of birds." Small wonder that the fairest blossoms in the "Garden of Verses" are culled from it. It was all enchanted ground, dear and delightful in itself, and enriched tenfold by merry, childish make-believe. Here Stevenson, in sailor suit,

THE HOME AND EARLY
frolicked with other little
folk, played Indian wars,
saw "valiant battles lost and
won," and was "all the thou-
sand things that children
are."

But the sunny picture
fades, and the sad lines come
to haunt us,

" All these are vanished clean away,
And the old manse is changed to-day ;
It wears an altered face
And shields a stranger race.
The river, on from mill to mill,
Flows past our childhood's garden still ;
But ah ! we children never more
Shall watch it from the water-door !
Below the yew—it still is there—
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play.

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again."

The flour mill and the weir
that served it are both gone;
the river brawls shallow over
stones, the miller's garden is
annexed to the graveyard,
no more to bloom in season
with the hollyhock and rose,
but to cherish indefinitely
another seed, of late and
doubtful flower.

" And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there."

Change has exceeded prophecy; alas! it has falsified
it too.

THE HOME AND EARLY

“ Years may go by and the wheel in the
river
Wheel as it wheels for us children to-
day,
Wheel, and keep roaring and foaming
forever,
Long after all of the boys are away.

You with the bean that I gave when
we quarrelled,
I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honoured and old and all gaily appar-
elled,
Here we shall meet and remember the
past.”

Exile had not yet thrown its
shadow.

Doubtless the old manse is
the scene still of worthy
labours, and its to-days full
of life and interest as the
yesterdays it recalls. But

**THE COLLEGE
QUADRANGLE
EDINBURGH**









HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

beautiful as it is, it looks like the burial place of dead joy. These "rhymes of old delight" have fixed our fancy forever to the vanished hours and their owners.

Stevenson's early school days do not bulk largely in the "Memories." In fact he was not much at school. His father had a terror of education (so called), and often plumed himself on having been the author of Louis' success in life, by keeping him as much as possible from pedagogic influence. That the paternal

THE HOME AND EARLY
efforts met with filial support, Stevenson's own confession assures us. "All through my boyhood and youth," he writes, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler"; and this was highly probable, for his industry was by no means the sort to be recognised in scholastic high places. He was a day pupil first at Henderson's, Inverleith Row, and then, for a year, at the Edinburgh Academy. While at the latter he edited an MS. school magazine, called the "Sunbeam." A water-colour

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

sketch by him in connection with this is still extant. It shows a small boy (the cousin who owns the picture) wrestling in the agonies of illicit composition for the "Sunbeam," in school hours, unconscious of the other agony that menaces from behind in the shape of uplifted "taws." The colour is delightful, and, in spite of doubtful ethics, the sketch uncommonly good. Had not writing been the only proficiency that attracted Stevenson, his budding draughtmanship might have blossomed, and art have

THE HOME AND EARLY
been added to his many con-
quered provinces.

Of boyish holiday haunts there were many. A cousin and early playmate recalls Craigleith Quarry, on the Queensferry Road, and "very sportive places" behind it; also the picturesque path that winds from Musselburgh up the Esk, where, he says, "the rounder, larger leaves gave the place a look of never seeing any one but us." Burns were followed to the sea, and links and copse allowed to tempt to many an hour of "idlesse." A favourite tramp of the more

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

bracing sort was round by Liberton and the Braids. Spots further afield, too, were visited. The Hawes Inn at Queensferry, that made such a call on Stevenson's fancy, and figured in *Kidnapped*, later, saw him often, and never failed, he tells us, to put him in a flutter, and "on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place." The lonely, blue bay of Gullane, with its amphitheatre of golden sand dunes, played an important part in *Katriona*. Cramond, North Berwick—the Forth,

THE HOME AND EARLY

up and down for many miles, gave material for day-dreams and adventure.

Sandwiched into those years there are experiences of travel. Two winters were spent with his mother at Mentone, where he attended school. At the age of thirteen, at Nice, he began his acquaintance with Dumas, through the study of illustrated dessert plates. Early journeys into England, too, there were. We read of the windmills the Scotch child falls in love with, and that keep turning in his dreams; "the warm, habit-

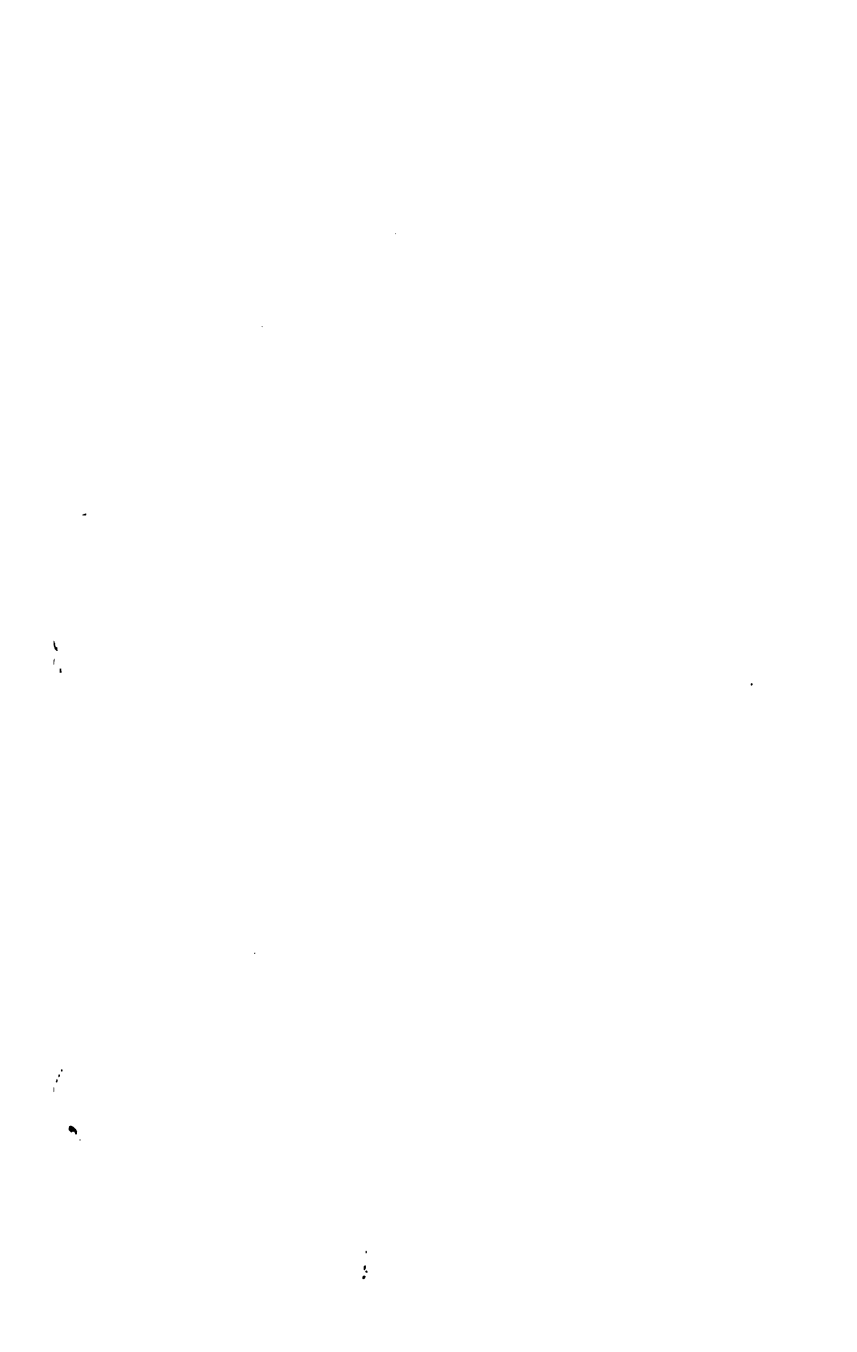
THE CALTON
GRAVEYARD



"Where he went to be unhappy."







HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

able .age of towns and hamlets; the green, settled ancient look of the country ; the lush hedge-rows, stiles, and privy pathways in the fields; the sluggish brimming rivers, chalk, and smock - frocks ; chimes of bells, and the rapid, pertly sounding English speech, . . . all set to English airs in the child's story that he tells himself at night." Each scene makes its own impression, not effacing but accentuating the one before, and all becoming mutually determinative. There was also half a year's experience of a boarding

THE HOME AND EARLY
school near Isleworth, of
whose fights and games and
politics he talked much.

But, ere long, memory is
busy again with the old
haunts. Edinburgh Uni-
versity, in all innocence, in-
scribes a new classic on her
roll. In the self-likeness he
has left us of this period, he
is a "lean, ugly, idle, un-
popular student."

He takes care here, too,
that his education shall
not be interfered with, by
acting upon "an exten-
sive and highly rational
system of truancy." In the
intervals, however, of his

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

serious work—scribbling in penny version books, noting down features and scenes, and commemorating halting stanzas—his professors get some of his attention. But even then it is more as men than teachers. He could have written much better papers on themselves than on their subjects. Indeed, he has done so. Kelland he has immortalised. “No man’s education is complete or truly liberal who knew not Kelland. There were unutterable lessons in the mere sight of that frail, old clerical gentleman, lively as a boy,

THE HOME AND EARLY
kind like a fairy godfather.”
The best of these lessons
Stevenson no doubt mastered.
He may have failed to square
the circle, but he learned to
measure a gracious nature.
If getting at the human juicy
fibre of things, rather than
the dead skeleton had meant
medals, he would have been
hung with them. As it was,
his main achievement was
to escape from the stage
of studentship “not openly
shamed.”

One of the many exploits
on By-path Meadow during
this term of desultory study,
was the penny version-books’

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

transformation into the printed pages of a college magazine. The magazine, though it failed, cannot altogether be accounted a *fiasco*, since *An Old Scotch Gardener* is recast from its pages. Other of his by-path doings were his strolls in the Calton Churchyard. As a child at Colinton he had hobnobbed with gravestones, and in the grim town cemetery he renewed the sombre fellowship. Thither he "went to be unhappy" and to moralise the spectacle into a thousand similes.

But all this time there

THE HOME AND EARLY
were the legitimate roving-grounds, the holiday excursions, and the long summers in the Pentlands. Among his loafing-gear, you may be sure, the straight-jacket of convention did not figure. Even in town, that hung mostly in his wardrobe; indeed, it had a brand new look to the end. These were his days of velveteen coat, long hair, and straw hat. Stretched on the warm grass or heather, he continued to eschew with devoutness the busyness which he considered an indication of defective vitality. He cul-

**SWANSTON
COTTAGE**





GARDEN
ANSTON

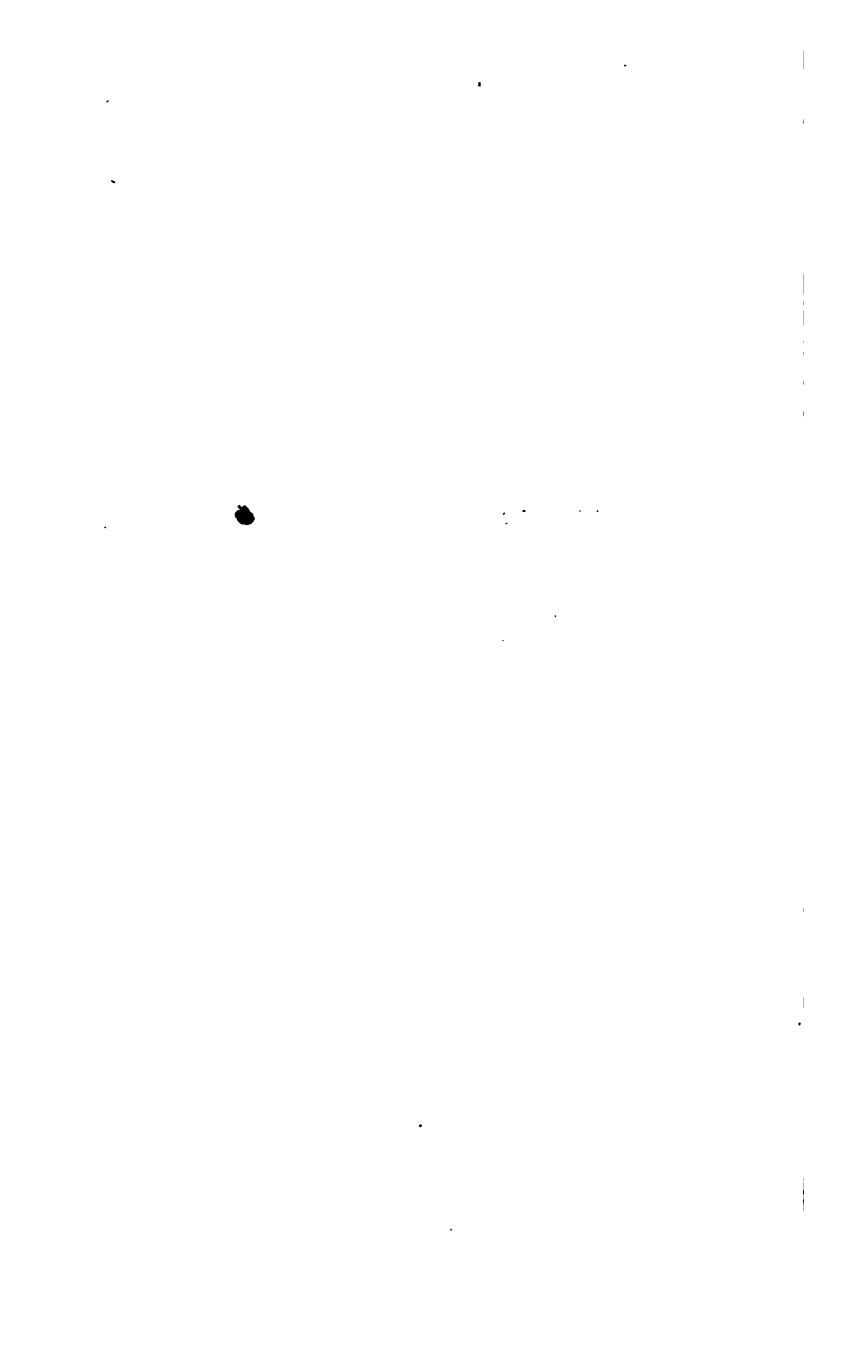






THE GARDEN
SWANSTON









HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

tivated the leisures of the mind.

A summer house was rented by his family at Swanston. This curiously secluded village lies behind a farmhouse at the base of the northern spur of the Pentlands, which rise gravely green from the plains, and, with many a peak and scaur and loch, file in solemn line to the sunset. The house is built for happiness. You reach it by a shady sidewalk. Its walls are washed with warm ochre. It is modest in size and well-shaped, like a miniature

THE HOME AND EARLY
mansion-house, and free from
all taint of villadom. The
back ground is a steep bit
of brae, stopping short about
the level of the roof. To the
side is a gloom of pines, from
which drop the "rocks over-
grown with clematis." The
trim garden falls down a
southern slope, that begins
to curve up at its bottom to
the gigantic parallel ridges
of Caerketton. In summer
these tower for a thousand
feet, in winter they are met
half-way by the mist, whence
fancy can follow them at
will to the very gates of
heaven.

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

There Stevenson watched the ways of man and beast, and the kindly doings of Nature, weaving romances and working with words. There, on some high knoll, the "sea-beholding city in the distance, and the world spread out like a piece of travel" below, he would sit "like Jupiter on Olympus, and look down on Men's life."

Two of his best character studies hail from here. Every one knows John Todd, the Swanston shepherd, and Robert Young, the old Scotch gardener. The latter has a

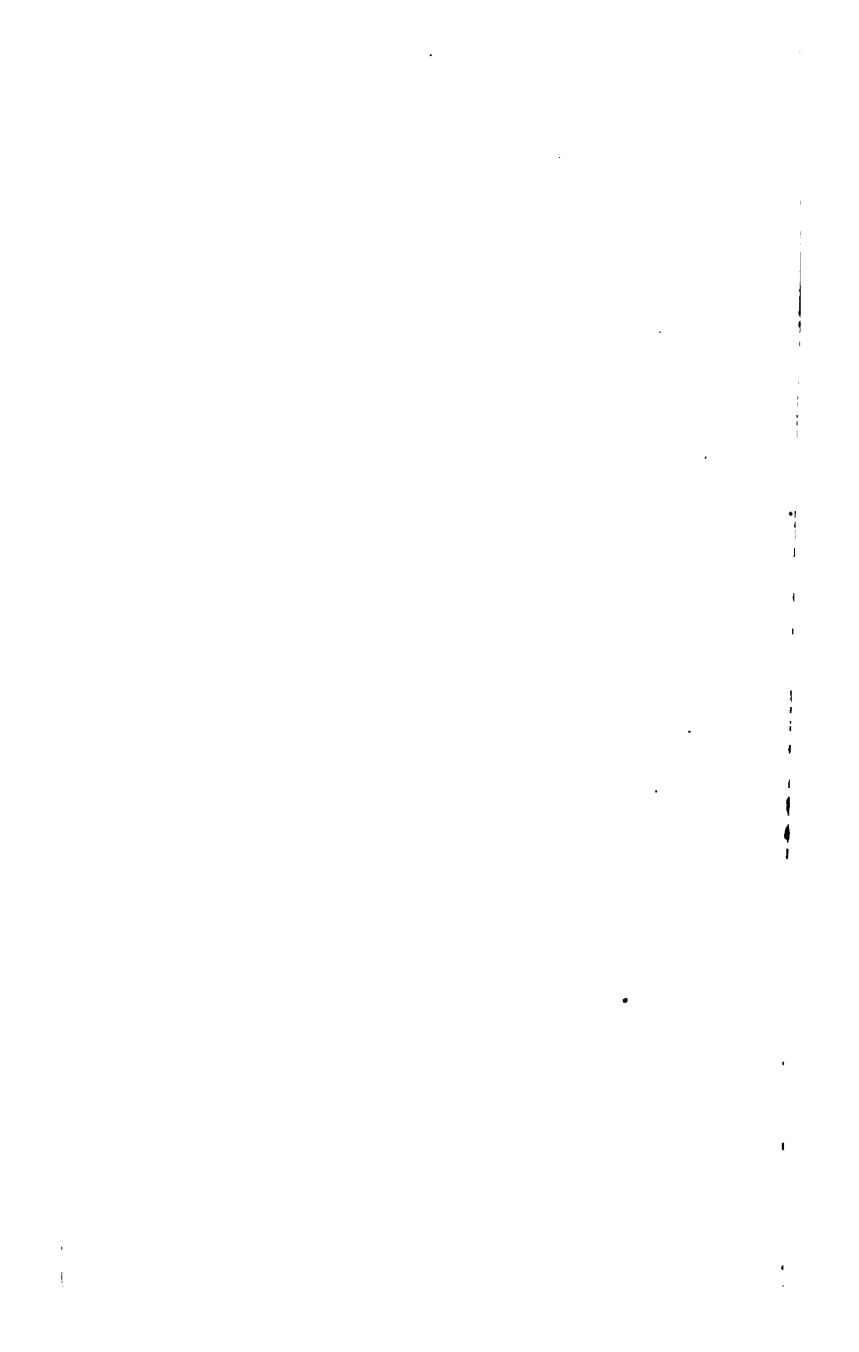
THE HOME AND EARLY
summer setting. With his spare form and old straw hat, in the garden in the lap of the hill, among his sun-flowers, dahlias, wall-flowers, and roses, descanting in antique Scripture idiom on the great situations he has filled, till he "shrank the very place he cultivated," he moves as deathless as the sunshine.

John Todd looks out at us from the grimmer frame of the wintry hills. To describe him would be to quote what all have read, or to attempt a weak paraphrase. One can imagine the tingling delight

**SWANSTON
VILLAGE**



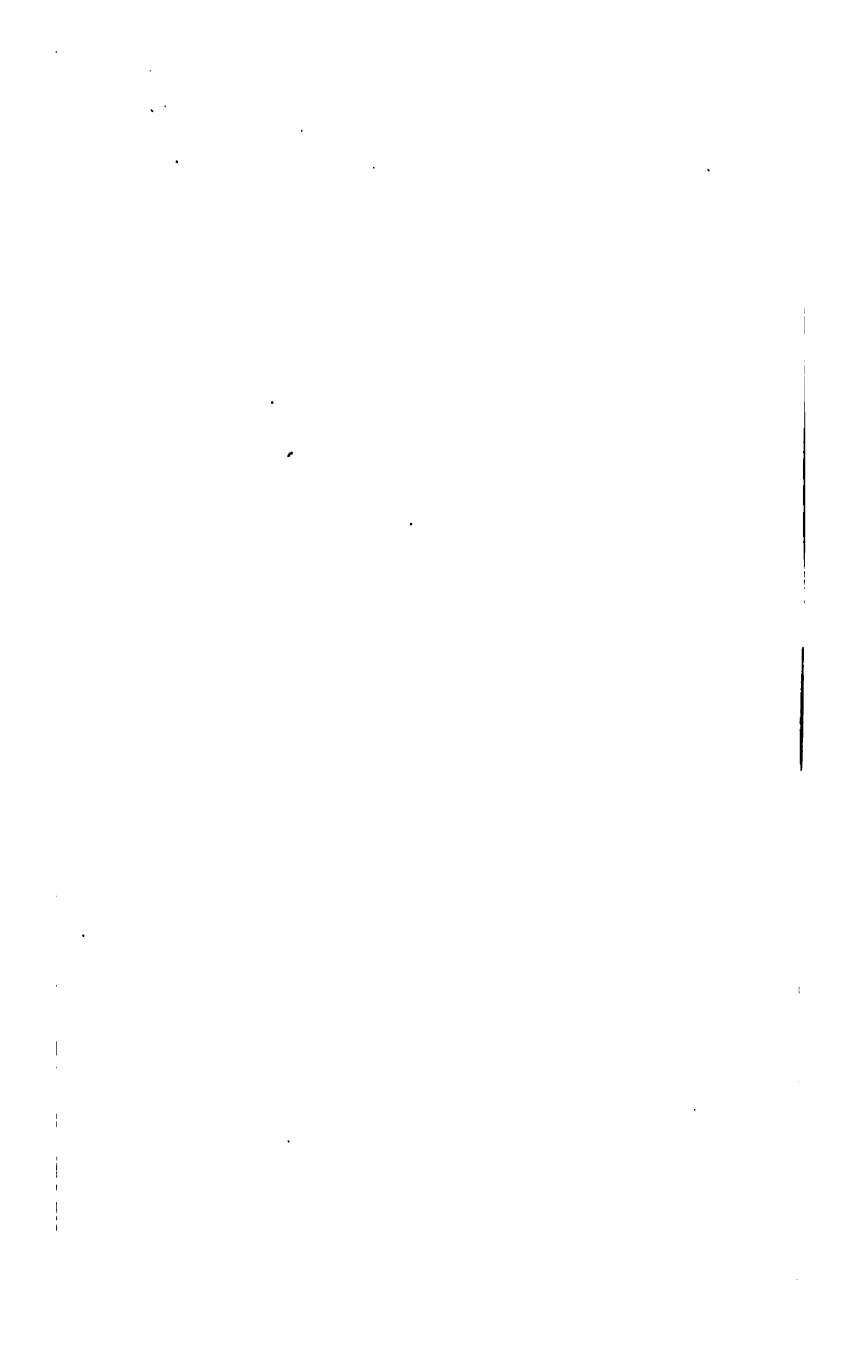




**NIGHT SCENE ON
HALKERSIDE**







HAUNTS OF STEVENSON

of those brave trappings in his company, over Halkerside during the solitary winter spent at Swans-ton. The early darkening, and the weird stretch of snow-landscape beneath it; the excitement of the sheep review; the racy talk of the wrathful, kindly man, enrhralling with tales of the old droving days, and with dog stories that would have shamed any sporting paper. Then, the bracing ordeal over, there is the night in the lamp-lit snuggerly, the croon of the wind along the moors, mingling with the

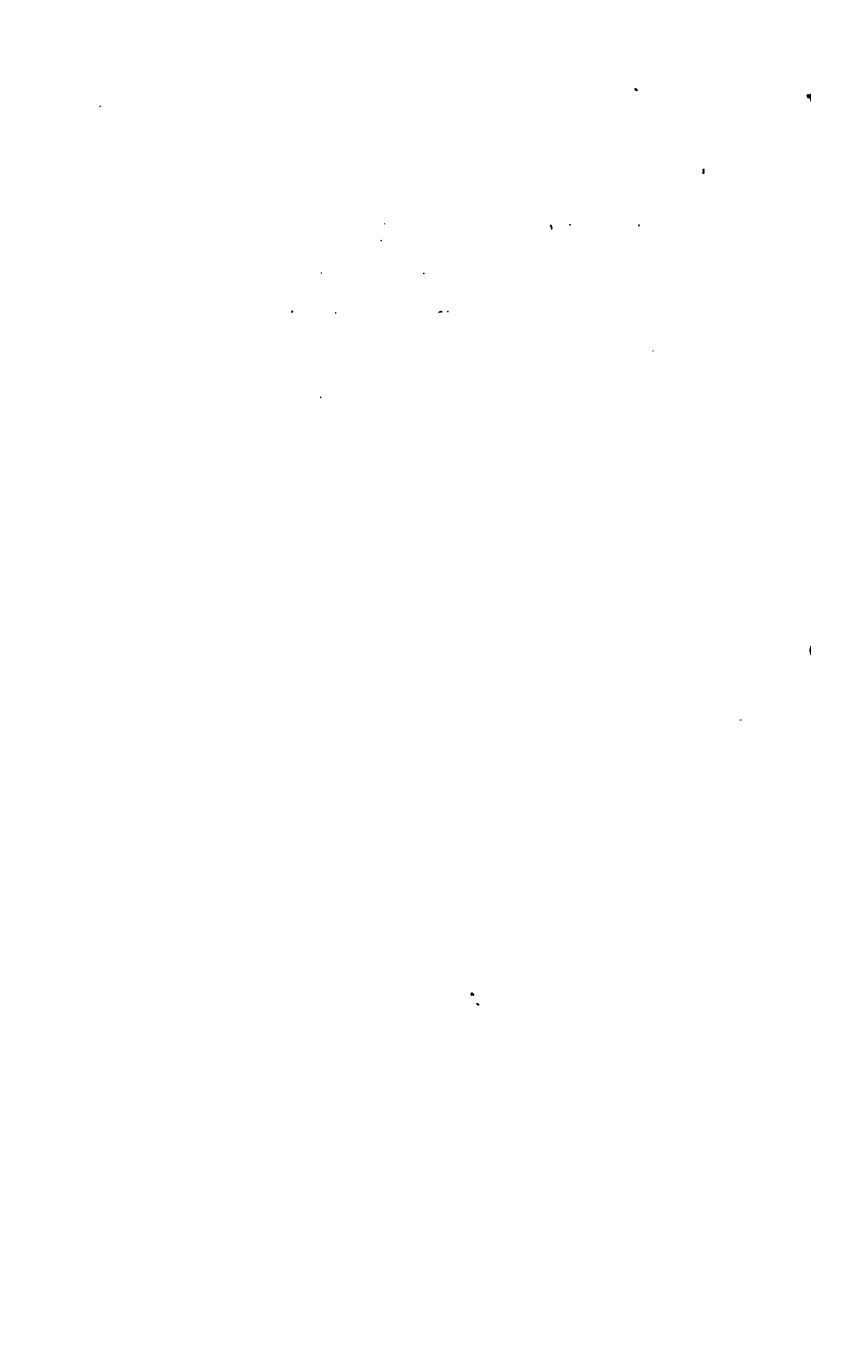
**THE HOME AND EARLY
musketry of Dumas. En-
viable the life that could fill
itself at such simple sources,
and turn all water into
wine!**

**Alas! here, too, the old
house**

**“wears an altered face
And shields a stranger race.”**

**Here, too, phantom voices
haunt the air. While I write
the sky is bleak. Nature's
shutters are up. White hills
and plains lie sheeted like
a dwelling closed in the ab-
sence of its master. The
west wind will blow again
and air them, and the
sun season them with its**

HAUNTS OF STEVENSON
fires, but one tenant has
departed to "come again no
more."





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